

T H E D R O W S E

OR

THE AGE OF CONSTANT FATIGUE

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THE DROWSE
or
the Age of Constant Fatigue

Libretto

INTRO: Drowse (Cannot hear much all over this tinnitus)

ACT I:
Boiling the same water

Writing about working (Sungod)

Sunfatigue

Can you handle your own somnia?

[INTERMISSION]

ACT II:
Velveteen (Sound of Dust Falling)

Headaches & Nightmares

Blink of the Pink Eye

Fraud

OUTRO: I wish I'd known early on

CODA: Take Away the Sleep

Boiling the same water
over and over again;

mind wanders back
into the attention on
hopefully-hypochondria or
the not-yet-confirmed state of emergency.

Boiling the same water
over and over again;

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Not-sure if-sick
not-sure if-wrong;
Things have been going wrong
without leaving the room, even.
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Everything is a sign
a fallen lash is not a wish.

Playing the same sound
over and over again;

Playing the same moment
over and over again;

This shot from memory
causes some wonderful burning
in some parts of the skin.
It worked the first time
so repeat
 repeat
until it's exhausted
and the feeling is no longer felt.
So I can say

it is just not there
or it was never there
or you're confused in your current state,
why don't you take your time to figure it out
why don't you diverge from going the same way with every option you've ever known

The playback of this image
ignores my own thought
my own hopefully-not-there
and my own worrisome.

I've read my writing
that I didn't write for that
on that
and it is still all on this
I could read it all like that
and now it is the only way
to read it.

I've ruined my own thought
with whatever went wrong.
If it has gone wrong

I don't know
who can tell;
who can tell the placebo won't work
or,
the one who tells ruins the function.
And one can never cheat on themselves again;
which is great in a way that you
quit lying to yourself,
but lying to anyone brings only guilt
and hard feelings
and thick air.

There's an elephant in the room these days
there's an elephant in the room after this conversation
there's an elephant in the room
after a strange feeling,
there is a lot
in this room
that I haven't left,
yet things have gone wrong
in the meantime.

Is the wrongness driven by ignorance?
Can wrongness be induced at all,
or is it aligned in entropy,
stirring itself up as the chaos just has to happen?

One can ask questions
but not ask for things to happen
and for anything to go the preferred way.

One cannot ask for answers,
it's just out of the realm
of the inquiry.

The cusp is the point between two pitfalls
but
quit blaming the moon on
yourself.
There is no edge to repetition.

A growing doubt-
can a thought grow,
is the pass-by image
a seed or delusive matter?

A beginning of the delusion,
moreover

start on over

Boiling the same water
over and over again /.../



Writing about working is not working,
also
writing about working is not working.

And nothing gets done.
Who to blame?

Blame it on the Sungod!

Blame it on the dry
sunburnt time
Blame it on the dust
Blame it on the pol-len

Blame it on the histamine
then
antihistamine

Blame it just to blame.

it's the fault of all other, after all,
this tiredness has bitten from it all.

Tired from my own text,
tired from the tiredness.
Waking up to be fatigued...

Tired from my own text,
tired from the tiredness.
Waking up to be fatigued
is what our time is.

The praise of breaking oneself
will not rest itself off (x5)

Tired from my own text,
tired from the tiredness...

The praise of breaking oneself
has not rested itself off (x3)

Forgot my shadow,
hooked on **sunfatigue**.

A sunburn
a
sunburn
is not the same
as a dry dust

strain

Can you handle your own somnia for a moment?

Hypochondria, self-gaslighting;
A person who doesn't know if they are mute or not
as they have no-one to talk to?
Going so far into the alienation,
that you don't get if there are things wrong with you or if it's you who's wrong.

Arias of alternate personas; making own friends, I guess?

Can you handle your own somnia for a moment?

The assets born and grown with you do not necessarily stay for forever or until you are dead. You
can lose things beforehand and be all paranoid about this. Going so far into the alienation that you
don't get if there are things wrong with you or if it's you who's wrong.

Isn't it really that all people are evil? In a way, also hostile towards themselves - nobody wins
from this constant pinching. Its paining to be stuck in-house, giving up on the overwhelm of the
outdoor. I would rather sleep endlessly than have to deal with reconnecting myself to this shared
world. I don't need to go all out into the fog to have the drowse overtake my brain and squeeze it
into knots. It's fine. It's the only life I know so far and for all I could care, there are no al-
ternatives. A stuckness overtaking motion, loose limbs, un-tense muscle, the body at rest: forever
dreaming is a long-time dream come true. As in, you can also make an underwhelming wish; and, an
amount won on lottery, money barely making up for what was spent on the ticket, is still a victory.

It is a victory not to be bored.
It is a victory not to be overstimulated
for extended periods of time.
It is a victory not to crash down
crash to bed,
crash the brain.
It is a victory not to wake up tired;



[INTERMISSION]

What is the sound of dust falling?
what is the sound your lashes make
as you blink?
Do eyes full of dust sound just like the ringing in your ears?

A hazy clap (x3),
clapping to get away
applaud so you can finally leave, right?

Leave where
Dreamland?

What if the dreams are just as exhaustive
as the waking life?
What if the dreams you have
you only have before being forcefully woken;
what if those dreams are not the pleasant kind?

Sweat in the summer heat,
as the rays of light
hit your eye,
a bit too early, perhaps;
in this case, waking in any
sweat
might be waking in cold
--sweat.

Dreams of falling are a fright,
dreams of rain falling a wish;

what if all you see,
are Ovidian's interventions
and dreams won't shape up for reasons
outside of you?
Just as a good velvet is not to be seen,
we are dealing with velour here,
or
velveteen.

Now, whatever that is, that is real?
The things that buzz inside you?
Wearing on you bit-by-bit as you get loose in the joints and very worn
out.
And it lasts for always.

Like hypersomnia
or
forever aestivation

Headaches & nightmares
is what you can describe
my current days and nights as.

I sweat through the sleep
seeing vivid,
cinematic but real
motion images;
I wake up in a buzz all over,
occasionally stabbing between my eyes
or
between my ears
or
any other sensory spot.
It is the brightness that wakes me
and makes me go mad.

I blame it on the sun-burn
-out;
I cannot wait for the rain to fall
and the UV index to go down.

Been feeling hazy
from a young age,
from when I had no friends
and had to make up my own entertainment.

Does that make the drowse a delusion?
Have I always been believing in the lack
of the momentum,
but in truth that is just how it is?
There is no reason
to be freaking out
over blandness.

Do you know how you look like as you sleep?
is it real, or
just an empty state
an empty estate
a good deny for being mute, and
not thinking
not talking
not saying words out loud.

In silence one would hear all
and make sense;
cannot hear much all over this
tinnitus.

Did I forget the friends I had,
or did I forget to make friends?

your own self will come
and backlash at you.

It got dark in a very short time,
or was it the blink of a pink eye?

Sore lies.
Weird lies.
All untruths to be told.

The extra year to come apart,
pluck-out
lash by lash.

Out of breath or out of mind,
the loop of moods
In *Peinlichkeit*--

Is the amount of light really getting
lower
low
or did my eyesight just become loose and lazy?

It's been a hard time seeing the things to come;
foresight as short as the tip of the lash.

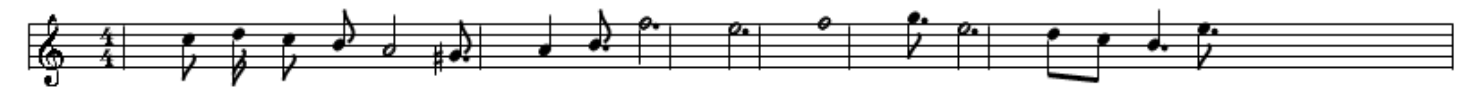
Looking at my past self;
Laughing at my best self;
I feel something resolve in-

Dissolve in me,
I believe adaption and amiss;
I forgot the friends I had.

I've only lived fatigue,
and stayed asleep
for most of my waking time.

I've been confusing daydreams
with real dreams
and aspirations fall short these days.

at 11:12 I missed the wish,
to be well, I guess, or --



I have trouble listening to things
I cannot see

Do I speak the speak or does it speak to me?

What I'm saying here won't be of any weight or help,
But,
someone has to care for the zeitgeist.

and how did I grow to be so awkward;
is this the food for making things?

Am I a **fraud**?
Am I afraid?
Everything is effort.

I want the silence but without the mutedness

Too timid for complaints,
the world cannot fix itself
over me
 it must be selfish
 if this is how the selfish works
 I never knew,
as I never asked,
as I was told it was not to be done.

So, I pay

 to keep company
away

-- on the forgetting;
Expectation is just
how far the future memory goes,
I wonder how far it must run.

Caught in an empty state
 an empty estate
with a room full of sleep
for the tired to keep;

How to live together,
but remain all alone?
How to stay alone,
alive altogether;

Caught up in an empty state,
 an empty estate,
could exhaustion dream of fatigue?

How to live together
and remain all alone,
How to stay alone,
alive altogether?

I wish I'd known early on
we all go through periods
 of the same troubles.

I wish I'd known early on
we are all kind of tired
 and depressed
 and it's just not me, you know?

What is there to do, but sleep or sleepwalk?
To learn to have better dreams, or?
Just the same as to say:
 "your aspirations are fine,
 but kind of inferior"

and whisk
the underachiever
 to believe
 that they are one.

There is not much use of proactivity if
-activity is the first obstacle,
as well as
 getting up
as well as
 getting out
as well as
 getting things done.

Is this what it is
 and forever will be?
Working to hang on
 towards hanging on,
 barely.
Waking to doze again
 towards dozing off,
 immediately.

Forever dreaming
 is a long-time wish
 come true.

The sleep of exhausted is
 dreamless.
The sleep of the troubled is
 dreamless,

or
 full of fever dreams.
 There is a privilege to dreaming
and good thoughts.

The fault's in you;
 just blame the weather;
 boredom caused it all.

Take away the sleep,
you can keep the dreams.
oh, take away the fatigue

take away the sleep
you can keep the dreams
take away the fatigue
let me be awake

this is the
age of constant tiredness
 tiredness
this is the age of constant tiredness

one blames it on themself
one blames it on the weather
on exhaustion or boredom

all that comes is sleep

take away the sleep
you can keep the dreams
oh take away the sleep
you can keep the dreams
oh,
take the fatigue
take it away
I don't want to have this drowse
laying over me

the drowse that is not necessarily
my own drowse
but it takes a bite of me

you can blame it on the self
you can blame it on the weather
but it's you who's tired, isn't it

take away the sleep
oh, take away the slumber
you can keep the dreams
but I do not want to be so tired.

why is this time so fatigued
how long can we carry on
this drowse is taking its toll
the blanket of the numb

am I a fraud? for feeling this?
am I fraud?
am I afraid?

take away the sleep
you can keep the dreams
oh, take away the sleep
you can keep the dreams

oh, take away this tiredness
let me leave this age of fatigue
the drowse
is overtaking me

you can blame it on yourself
on the weather
on the boredom
why's the world so tired?
are we living in the numb?

just take away the sleep
you can keep the dreams
just let me sleep

[END]